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Series 4

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HENRY W. BELLOWS

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER

JOHN W. CHADWICK

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A SERMON

BY

JOHN W. CHADWICK

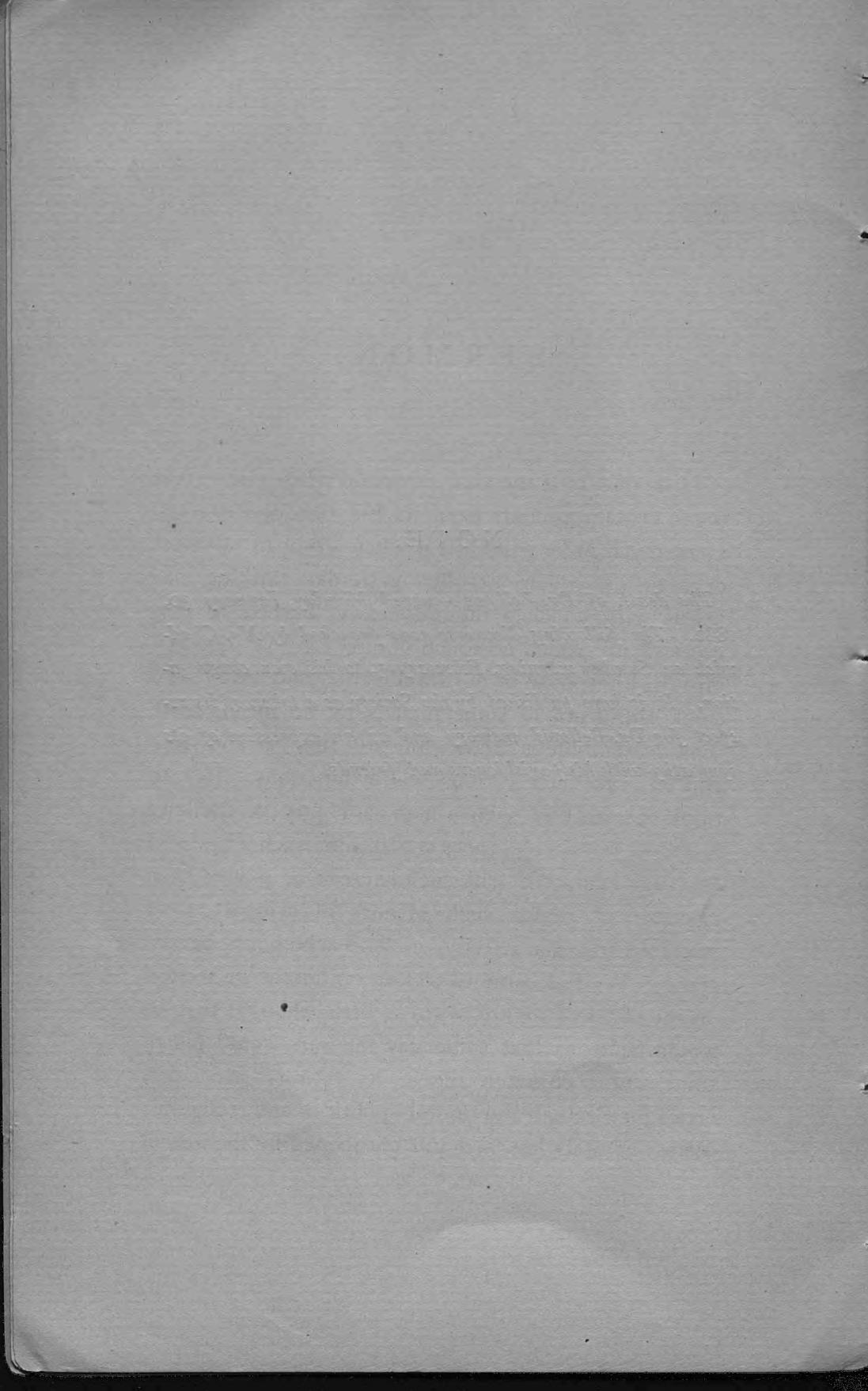
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NOTE.

The death of Dr. Bellows occurred Monday, January 30, 1882. The following discourse was preached by Mr. Chadwick on Sunday morning, February 5, to his own congregation. It is here published by the Society as a token of its respect for Dr. Bellows' memory and as an expression of its sympathy with his parishioners and friends.



S E R M O N .

How painful is the void of sound when some great organ ceases suddenly from its full tide of harmony! How much more painful is it when a human life most dear to us, which was but yesterday thrilling our hearts with its deep organ-tones, is hushed in that great silence which no touch of ours can ever quicken into fresh response to our intelligence and love! To think the death of some men is by no means hard, such death-in-life is theirs while still they eat and sleep and exercise their various bodily functions. But to think the death of such a man as Henry W. Bellows is almost impossible, there was in him such fulness of life, such energy of will, such exercise of power, such splendor of genius, such breadth of sympathy; so manifold was his activity, so far-reaching his beneficence. We had come to reckon on him as we reckon on the order of nature, with as little thought that he would fail us as that some day the sun would fail to shine. Our common life in its entirety, social and civic, intellectual and moral, political and religious, seems infinitely lessened and cheapened by the loss of

such a man, and the whole universe would suffer equally to our imagination were it not for the unconquerable hope that

“Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm.”

The plan of my discourse this morning is, first to consider—it must needs be with hasty imperfection—the course and manner of his life, and then to speak in a more general way of his genius and his character, as I have read them in the light of his speech and writings and that personal acquaintance with him which for many years I have so much enjoyed. In speaking of the course and manner of his life, I shall not hesitate to name particulars with which many of you are well acquainted. It was the good fortune of Dr. Bellows to have his biography briefly written a year ago by an appreciative hand,* and the journals of the day have wisely profited by this and been more satisfactory than they are wont to be when suddenly obliged to speak of the illustrious dead. To those of you who have carefully attended to their faithful summaries, or to the source from which they were derived, I can impart but little novel information. But it can be only profitable and pleasant for us to consider here *together* the course and manner of a life into which entered so

* Edward Everett Hale, D.D., in *Harvard Register*.

many elements of use and joy, so much of power and charm.

Our friend was born in Boston, June 11th, 1814. The most sociable of beings, he was not even born alone, but a twin brother, Edward, came with him into the world. His love for this brother was a romantic passion till he died, and after that a tender memory. He died in early manhood; was found frozen to death by the wayside, far away from any human habitation, having undertaken a western journey too heroic for his strength, in the bleak winter weather. I have heard the Doctor tell the story with the tears in his voice he had forbidden to his eyes, mourning the loss of what would have been so much to him and to the world. He had, I think, little or no remembrance of his mother. His father was a man of sterling character and civic fame, a man of wealth as wealth was reckoned in America in Madison's administration. He gave his son an excellent education, one year of it on the ancestral acres in New Hampshire, close by the Falls that bear his family name. The whole region round about is marvellously beautiful, and the boy's heart so rooted in the hills that there was no detaching it. His blood and his experience conspired to bring him back to the old family seat, and did at length, but after many years, to make his summer home where his rough ancestors had tamed the wilderness. His satisfaction there, as I remember it in 1876, was boyishly exuberant. Sitting upon his broad

piazza, he told me of the sermon he had written immediately upon his acquisition of his country home on "The Dangers of too much Happiness." It was after the boy's year in Walpole that he went for four years to the Round Hill School in Northampton. The best account of this famous school is from his own hand and it is at the same time a delightful autobiographical fragment. "Probably," he says, "no American college had at the time so large, varied, well-paid, and gifted a faculty as the Round Hill School. It outnumbered Harvard and Yale in the corps of its teachers, and put a complete circle about them in the comprehensiveness of its scheme of education." The aim of the school, he tells us, was not so much to make scholars or citizens as to make gentlemen. Shall we say that it succeeded admirably so far as he was personally concerned? Rather, it seems to me, he was a gentleman in the grain; that no Professor of Manners could have taught him that behavior which was the outward and visible sign of an inherent grace and sweetness. Entering Harvard College at the age of fourteen—a less difficult matter in 1828 than now—he was graduated in 1832. The Craigie House, in which he boarded, was then famous only because Washington had made it his head-quarters in 1775, turning out a whole regiment of my fellow-townersmen to this end. It did not become the home of Longfellow till 1837. "The Birds" of Aristophanes and the college studies generally interested the young Freshman and Sopho-

more less than the birds of the Cambridge meadows, a resident ornithologist having inoculated him with his enthusiasm. Tramping about, defiant of the college laws, with his gun upon his shoulder, he bagged the living game of health, which had before eluded him. In his Junior and Senior years he was more studious, and it was during these years that the passion for reading overmastered him once and for all. From this same period he dated a wonderful deepening of his religious consciousness. His purpose to become a minister he dated from his seventh year, and it seems never to have wavered. But five years intervened between his college graduation and the beginning of his ministerial career. The first of these, his eighteenth year, he spent in Cooperstown, New York, teaching five languages and lecturing to the notoriously beautiful young ladies of his brother's school; the second in Louisiana teaching a single pupil and revelling in a well-stocked library. His father's wealth had vanished, and henceforth the boy must pay his way. He entered the Cambridge Divinity School in 1835, and the ministry in 1837. Theodore Parker was for one year his senior student, and for a time his teacher in Hebrew during Professor Palfrey's absence from the school. His first attempts at preaching were in the Southern States. In Mobile he was invited to settle, and the material temptation was magnificent. "But the awful shadow of slavery frightened him away." Thackeray said, as you remember: "Catch me

speaking ill of people who have such good claret!" It wasn't the good claret that young Bellows feared. It was the personal kindness and consideration—lest these should dull his sense of the enormity of human servitude. Returning to our cooler latitude, he was invited to the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church in New York. The difficulties of the situation piqued his youthful courage. These difficulties were immense. The society was small and incoherent. Dr. Dewey at the Second Church was in the full tide of his magnificent career, preaching from week to week sermons in which every phrase was beautiful as a Corinthian capital, voicing those prayers which made "the dreadfulness of eternal things" almost too much for human hearts to bear. But the wise poet sings,

"Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails."

And the young preacher's sails *were* royal. He took the difficult position. He had held it at his death forty-three years, and not without dignity and honor for one day or hour.

In 1839 the Unitarian denomination had left several years behind the characteristic period of its controversy with the orthodox sects. But almost simultaneously with the conclusion of this controversy another was initiated; this time within the limits of the Unitarian denomination. Emerson's sermon on the Lord's Supper in 1832 was the first note of prep-

aration. In 1838, six months before Mr. Bellows' ordination, Emerson had delivered his wonderful address to the Divinity School graduates, and Theodore Parker, walking home in the still moonlight over Cambridge Bridge, resolved that he, too, would speak out boldly what had too long been slumbering in his heart. I find no evidence that Mr. Bellows—he did not receive his doctorate till 1854—was deeply touched by the new criticism or philosophy, and as little that he was profoundly exercised by the controversy with which Theodore Parker shook the Boston churches till their steeples rocked. He was a Unitarian of the school of Channing, with something more than Channing ever had of denominational consciousness and sectarian zeal. From the first he threw himself into his work with generous ardor. From the first he was a faithful pastor, as well as an indefatigable writer and preacher. Those who were well and happy might regret his “angel visits,” but those who were sick or sorrowing never looked for him in vain. From the first, too, he was unable to consider himself merely a clergyman. In the best sense he has always been a man of the world, a man of literature and art, a citizen and publicist. The fact that he was one of the founders of the Century Club and had been one of the members of the Sketch Club, out of which the Century grew, is significant and not unrelated. He enjoyed his co-operation and his noble rivalry with Dr. Dewey less than ten years. It was a hostile and in-

tensely prejudiced community in which the elder and the younger man found themselves working together for the upbuilding of a liberal faith. But with such splendid advocacy as they brought to it, I wonder that they did not carry everything before them. They did not do this, but they did succeed in gathering about them congregations strong in numbers but more remarkable for their intellectual and moral quality. Mr. Bellows' church in Chambers Street was soon outgrown, and the Church of the Divine Unity, in which Dr. Chapin afterward preached, was built upon Broadway. For twenty years before his death he preached in the magnificent Church of All Souls, its name symbolic of the increasingly human emphasis of Dr. Bellows' thought and feeling and the expansion of his sympathies to the farthest limits :

“If there is doom for one,
Thou, Maker, art undone.”

What has been said of many can be said of him without exaggeration : He toiled terribly. Lamartine said of some one, “He was born tired.” Our friend was never tired. His bodily strength might fail, but capacity for leisure and for indolence he had absolutely none. He might drop fainting in his pulpit, and did so from sheer overwork, but the enforced withdrawal from his regular vocation that ensued had for him nothing else so pleasant as the prospect of getting back again into the harness.

His growing interest in secular affairs and the concreter aspects of our social life was clearly shown in 1853 by his Phi Beta Address on the necessity and uses of wealth. This was, perhaps, the first occasion on which he found that he had startled the entire community by the utterance of his sincere convictions. He succeeded in doing the same thing again, quite as unconsciously, in 1857, by his address to the Dramatic Fund Society on "The Relation of Public Amusements to Public Morality." The address was principally a defence of the theatre, not so much as actually existing as in its possible development. Great was the uproar in the churches and the war of pamphlets that succeeded, the preacher finding that he had given not a little umbrage to many of his co-religionists. But a quarter of a century has done much to soften the asperity of orthodox dissent from his conclusions, though even now they are practised by the people more frankly than they are commended by the priest. In 1859 his address to the Divinity Alumni on "The Suspense of Faith" again furnished the preachers and the papers with a nine days' wonder and for a much longer time with food for serious and profound reflection. I shall always consider this address one of the most interesting and important incidents in the Unitarian development. It was a masterly diagnosis of our intellectual and spiritual condition. The remedy for Protestant disintegration—"churches of two, churches of one," as Emerson has written—was not so evident to many

others as to him. To him it was "the organic, instituted, ritualized work of the church," speaking through imaginative symbols and holy festivals. He would have a church year and a liturgical service, the communion re-invested with "the mystic sanctity which two centuries had been successfully striving to dispel," "a dignified, symbolic, mystic church-organization without the aid of the state or the authority of the pope." His own faith in these remedies was not, perhaps, of long continuance. The service of his own church became increasingly simple in his later years, apparently with his entire consent and satisfaction. What his famous sermon really measured was the profound impression which the Protestant tendency had made on his own mind. The subsequent history of his thought was the history of his gradual acceptance of this tendency as normal and divine; as a tendency not to be arrested but developed, if haply from its ultimate boundary some glimpse may ravish us of "new, firm lands of faith" awaiting our possession. But whatever else the address was or did, it was pre-eminently adapted to make people think, and it did make them think to some purpose, though not by any means to that which Dr. Bellows had at heart. The verdict of experience on his ecclesiastical panacea is, in the high words of Coleridge :

"We may not hope from outward forms to win
The spirit and the life whose fountains are within."

The teachings of Channing had in no respect impressed our friend more deeply than in regard to slavery in America, though it is evident from his address upon the death of Channing that his dislike of Abolitionism was more sweeping and irrational than Channing's at the last. But as time went on and the logic of slavery worked itself out more and more freely, he brought the clearest vision to the apprehension of its tendency and aim, and the most fervid eloquence to the rebuke of any policy of compromise or base concession. The war of "blood and iron" succeeded to the war of words. And then it was that Dr. Bellows discovered in himself capacities which gave him from that time forth a new self-consciousness—that of a tremendous organizing force and social energy. The story of the Sanitary Commission cannot be briefly and at the same time truly told. Dr. Bellows himself has told it wonderfully well in a pamphlet of fifty closely printed pages, an admirable condensation of Stillé's two octavo volumes, which still leave untold the best and sweetest parts of that great chapter in our history. But while Phidias painted himself into Athena's shield, Dr. Bellows has not painted himself into his picture of the Commission, "all of which he saw and part of which he was," and a part so great, so influential, that any history of it in which he is not conspicuously present is radically defective. "I am the State," said Louis. "I am the Sanitary Commission," Dr. Bellows might have said

with greater truth. He was its creative spirit, its informing soul. In him it lived and moved and had its being. He found the regular medical machinery of the government "rusty, valetudinarian, infested with routine prejudices, imperfectly awake to the situation, and very jealous of its powers, without appreciating the difficulties that were soon to overwhelm it." But to oppose this regular machinery out and out would have been fatal. There was need for infinite tact. Tried in these delicate balances our friend was not found wanting. Naturally self-assertive, "he made himself of no reputation;" and when he would if possible have shortened a straight line to come at his point, he subjected himself to the most wearisome circumlocutions rather than prejudice the cause he had so much at heart. He turned aside neither for military insolence nor official rancor, but sacrificed all personal considerations to the end that he might cure and comfort as many of our sick and dying soldiers as he could in any wise reach, and to the more important end that he might prevent diseases more inimical to life than shot and shell. What a work of love was that whose innumerable ramifications all went back and centred in the big heart of our untiring friend! There were soldiers' homes to be established; there were schemes for transportation of the sick and wounded to be organized, cars that would carry them to be invented; there were supplemental hospital supplies to be furnished and

7000 aid societies to be organized to furnish them; there were depots of supplies to be established; there was a sanitary literature to be created, and it came; there were methods of battle-field and special relief to be improvised and perfected; there was a Hospital Directory to be published enabling the home-staying martyrs to keep the track of sick and wounded friends. Of all these enterprises, so various and so complex, Dr. Bellows was the fountain-head, and his was the controlling hand. And in addition to all these things there were millions of dollars to be raised to carry on the work. His personal appeal was mainly instrumental in effecting the desired result. And yet, when Sunday morning came, he was as seldom absent from his own pulpit as if a nation's suffering were not in his charge, and the sick and sorrowing of his immediate flock suffered from no diminution of his friendly care.

There are times when to invent a happy phrase is equal to the winning of a martial victory. As Mr. Seward's phrase "the irrepressible conflict" formulated the situation which preceded and developed the war, so Dr. Bellows' phrase "Unconditional Loyalty" formulated the necessity of the time when war had actually begun. This phrase brought into existence the New York Union League, the child of the Sanitary Commission, the details of whose organization were worked out by Dr. Bellows and two other officers of the Sanitary Commission on a night-journey

from Washington to New York. The government did well to circulate 10,000 copies of Dr. Bellows' sermon on "Unconditional Loyalty" among the officers of its army and navy. Doubtless they did much good, but the good accomplished by the Union League by no means ended with the war. "When the war-drums rolled no longer and the battle-flags were furled" it entered on a new career of usefulness, and in promoting state and municipal reforms and in contending with the New York ring and other political corruptions it did a work so solid and imposing that the magnificent structure which is now its civic home seems but the natural symbol of its inherent strength and grace. The League sent five-and-thirty of its finest men to Dr. Bellows' funeral. But such formal action ill conveyed its sense of an irreparable loss.

The war had not arrived at its august yet sad conclusion before Dr. Bellows found himself impatient for the exercise of his constructive, organizing skill in the affairs of the denomination in which he had long been one of the most active leaders. The National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches was equally with the Sanitary Commission a product of his teeming brain. If it has not accomplished all that he dared to hope, it has accomplished much, and is destined to perpetuate his influence for many years to come. On the platform of that Conference he did some of his most effective work. Never shall I forget the noble scorn with which at the first meet-

ing of the Conference he brought to naught the counsels of a clique that would have foisted on us a creed of desiccated phrases that had been secretly prepared by one of the most honored citizens of our own city. True, there were other times when plans and purposes dear to my own heart went down beneath the iron hail of his remorseless cannonade. He was no coldly calculating politician. Rather a man whose veins sometimes ran fire; a man of impulse, carried away at times by torrents of immeasurable rage, avalanches of moral indignation, sweeping and swooping down from heights invisible, destructive oftenest of the evil of men's thought and planning, but sometimes of the good. It would be safe to say that almost every best thing that has been devised for the last seventeen years within the limits of the Unitarian denomination has taken its initiative from him or to his splendid advocacy owed its practical success. Witness the churches of Washington and Newport, the endowment of the Cambridge School, the rescue of the Church of the Messiah, the establishment of the Ministers' Institute for the freest possible discussion of the most serious things! At all Unitarian meetings he was the best wine which the wise householders saved until the last. If the meeting had been dull and spiritless, he could always bring it to a happy and impressive end. He kept himself at all times in marching order, ready to go a hundred or a thousand miles to dedicate a little church or

preach an ordination sermon. The denomination has had no other servant to compare with him in willingness to go upon its errands. He never spared himself. He never consulted his own ease or comfort when he was asked to serve the organization and the doctrine that he loved.

If now we seek to enter somewhat more closely into the springs of this man's character and life, that which will most impress us is his *integrity*, using the word in its derivative sense, the wholeness of his manhood. He was no fragment of a man; no bodiless mind or mindless body; no personified heart or conscience merely, but a whole man. He frankly accepted his physical nature in its entirety. Nay, more, he honored every sense and passion, believing, as another has well said, that "if God made us he meant us." His senses were alive and quick to catch the purport of the outward world. The spirit of an ascetic was not in him. It was Dr. Gannett and not Dr. Bellows who put himself and family upon a diet composed exclusively of Indian meal. This fulness of his physical life was sure to tell upon his intellectual part, and it did so in every sermon that he wrote, in every speech he uttered. There was body in his mind; a noble sensuousness in his style; warmth, color, a magnificent virility. You might say of his sentences as Emerson said of another's, "These sentences are vascular; cut them and they will bleed."

Intellectually he was a man of genius, not a man of

talent. The method of talent is careful and plodding ; the method of genius is spontaneous, inspirational. It is a mistake to suppose that writing cannot be as extempore as speech. Dr. Bellows was an extempore writer. He wrote everything without effort. There was no smell of the lamp in any of his articles or sermons. He wrote his sermons generally at a single sitting. If he could have written twice as fast, he would have written them in half the time. His mind was ever quicker than his pen. But "easy writing makes hard reading" we are told. No proverb is of universal application. Dr. Bellows' writing was not hard reading, and it was always easy, oftentimes enraptured, hearing when the fresh product of his mind came streaming from his lips. What is truer than the proverb I have quoted is that easy writing seldom arrives at literary permanence. There is no imposing literary monument of Dr. Bellows' making to commemorate his intellectual activity. Considering the amount of this, it is remarkable that a single book of sermons and another book of travels are exhaustive of what are called his printed works, and that these possess the elements of persistent literary value will not be claimed by his most partial friends. In saying this I know that I am saying nothing which he would himself resent. It was his greatness and nobility that he never posed or labored for a posthumous reputation. Posthumous influence he desired with strong desire, but he thought he could make sure of this most surely by influencing

the events and persons of the present time. He was a man of the day and the hour. He wrote and spoke to carry some immediate point; make some immediate impression. A score of fat octavos could not contain his printed writings that are scattered through the *Christian Examiner*, the *Christian Inquirer*, and other magazines and journals and reviews. But here are no "dead works." The only dead works are those that never had any life in them, and these were full of life when they were written, and, answering each to some special end, entered into the world's life and will be a part of it forever. Think not that they exist only in unread files of papers and unread rows of magazines. They exist, they *live*, in the culture, the enlightenment, the conscience, the devotion, that they have inspired; in a severed nation that has been made whole again; in a race that has been emancipated from the curse of slavery.

Dr. Bellows was an industrious, indefatigable, enthusiastic reader, but a scholar he was not. To be a scholar one must make choice of some particular line of study, and give to this all his best hours. But Dr. Bellows' sole ambition was to be a faithful minister of religion and a good citizen of the Republic. Nothing would satisfy him but to touch life at every possible point. His culture must be broad at any rate, and then as much as he could deepen it he would. He must know something of everything. And he did. No good book escaped him, was it of poetry or

science, history or fiction, criticism or politics or art. He permitted himself what Landor calls "the delights of admiration" without stint or shame. To be nothing if not critical was never his ideal. He liked to praise the book he had enjoyed. His reviews were for the most part eulogies. I take a melancholy pleasure in the fact that I was myself the last to win his over-generous approbation.

It was not as a writer but as a speaker that Dr. Bellows' intellectual genius touched the highest peaks. And it was as an extempore speaker that he won the victor's fairest crown. There is what is called extempore speech which is hardly more than a repetition of certain memorized phrases. His was not of this sort. It was literally the offspring of the time, and at the best it was incomparably rich and strong. I have heard many speakers, but no other equalling his eloquence in his extemporaneous addresses. Often the finished speech had an effect quite different from his original intention, but the best was always that which he had least intended. Once at Buffalo I remember he set out to speak in praise of organization as superior to individual effort. But venturing to say a good word for individualism also, he suddenly found himself carried away, and he carried everybody else with him, on such a tide of eloquence concerning it that his original intention was soon left a hundred leagues behind. At such exalted moments he would dare the most complex comparisons, and they would grow and

grow under his shaping spirit of imagination, like some cathedral under a mighty master's building hand. If the wrong word or metaphor came first sometimes, wonderful was his power of self-recovery that turned his shame into a more exceeding glory. I cherish the memory of several of these moments among my happiest recollections. One of them was at Saratoga, a plea for "mere morality." Another was in Boston when there was a pretty scheme on foot to commit the Unitarian Association to a creed, and it was even rumored that Dr. Bellows had given aid and comfort to the conspirators. They seemed to be in excellent spirits up to the time when he arose to speak. When he had finished, the creed-business was not merely dead but decomposition had set in. Another of these moments was here in our own church, a plea for liberty in religion, so fervid, so impassioned, so magnificent, that it is terrible to think that there is no record of it anywhere save in our minds and hearts. And still another of these moments was on the occasion when I listened to him in public for the last time. You that were with me will not soon forget that plea for absolute devotion to the truth, absolute confidence in its leadings, no matter what of present creed or form is left behind. "If we were sure that speech would be his last," I said to my companion, "we could not wish it better." I little thought it was the last for me. But I am glad the last was so divinely sweet and good.

Proceeding from externals to internals, from the

outward form to the inward substance of his mind, we find that he was not an original thinker, in that he struck out no new paths in science or philosophy, in criticism or theology, and yet that he *was* an original thinker, in that he had his own way of approaching and presenting the innumerable themes that engaged his interest as an editor and preacher. His mind was eminently receptive. He was always plastic to the hand of any powerful writer. When Strauss' "Old Faith and New" appeared, I found myself unable to keep pace with his acceptance of the book. But this ready sympathy and self-abandonment were not inconsistent with an average self-reliance. There was no man among us whose sermons suffered less from "the mosaic dispensation," the habit of piecing together bits of various reading into a pretty pattern of your own. To define his theological position would be for any one a difficult matter. He was always conservative in his sentiments; he was often radical in his ideas. For the church, as an institution, he had a boundless admiration. Its sacraments of baptism and communion were very dear to him, and did not apparently grow any less so with his increased divergence from the supernaturalist position. His theological inconsistency was proverbial among his friends and those who loved him not because they knew not what manner of spirit he was of. He accepted the reproach and wore it as a crown of honor. He said: "The history of every honest, aspiring, and courageous mind,

that lives not a parasitical life but in the strength of its own root and stalk, is a history of intellectual, moral, and spiritual vicissitudes. . . . Be not alarmed at the inconsistencies of your own opinions, at the violent contrasts in your own mental and spiritual moods, at the necessary action and reaction of your religious experience, if you are only alive and truly devoted to the pursuit of truth. . . . The religious man who has no vacillations in his views, who is not sometimes inclined to Calvinism, sometimes to rationalism, sometimes to Catholicism, sometimes to Quakerism, has a dull imagination, an imperfect activity, and a timid love of truth." It is evident that we have here a piece of self-justification. And yet, having applied myself within the last few days to read something of everything that is accessible of his writings during the last forty years, I find them all co-ordinated by a principle of growth and evolution that reduces the fluctuations of his opinions to an almost inappreciable factor. They are but as the tackings on and off of a great ship, that seem considerable at the moment, especially to smaller craft that wish to keep her company, but which in relation to her course from continent to continent are but as the little roughnesses upon the smoothest orange to its golden round. Tack on and off he did; yet none the less he left the port of supernaturalism far behind him, and neared the port of rational religion faster and faster as the busy years went by. Again and again I had his personal

assurance of his entire agreement with my own opinions. "But," he would say, "I have clinging to me such a tradition of sentiment and phrase that at my time of life to divest myself of it and bring my speech into complete accordance with my thought is quite impossible." "I have been working all winter," he wrote to me in 1878, "to interest my people more directly and plainly in the new ways of contemplating life and religion, not avoiding questions that task the faith of the multitude, and not concealing opinions because they might shock the unthinking. I am sure we do injustice to the preparation that exists in our own people for the highest and most rigorous views of the truth connected with religion." Again he wrote to me: "I try to keep my mind and heart open to all new truth, and I can truly say that my peace and hope are *greater* than they were when I was less uncertain about many things that I supposed then to be essential. I find a great willingness to be in the hands of the mighty power and goodness that underlies and encloses the universe even without understanding his ways." During the last ten years his influence has been preponderatingly and almost without exception on the side of rational opinions. The free parliament of the Ministers' Institute, to which Abbot and Gott-heil, Adler and Draper, have been welcomed as cordially as the most conservative Christians, will be the enduring symbol of his faith in absolute freedom of thought and an equal freedom of discussion.

It would be a great mistake to fancy that his activity on the religious side was exhausted by his Sunday preaching and his gifts of organization and persuasion that were always at the service of the Unitarian body. He was the friend of his people. When they were in any trouble of sickness or death, he gave to them a father's or a brother's tenderness. He had such genius for consolation as no other had among us. If any other could now speak of him as fitly as he ever spoke of alike the greatest and the humblest who had passed away, how would our hearts burn within us, what memories and hopes would throng the silence of our breasts, how thick would be the rush of comforting and healing tears! The singer of so many solemn requiems must go himself unsung.

In losing him is it too much to say that we have lost our greatest citizen? We had greater scholars, we had greater preachers, but if we had a greater citizen I do not know his name. Louis Philippe was called "the citizen king." Here was a citizen preacher. He was first a citizen and then a preacher; not first a preacher and then a citizen. "The field is the world" might well have been his motto. In his famous sermon on the theatre he said: "If there is to be a great gulf fixed between the church and the world, I would rather take my place and part with the world than with the church, with common humanity than with any elect portion of it, with confessed sinners than with self-assumed saints; for I believe that Christ,

who is the light of the world and not of the church merely, is more permanently resident with the common heart and feelings of mankind at large than with any fraction of humanity however select or self-appropriative of his name and patronage." Here was the expression of no isolated mood, but of the habit of his life. His churchmanship never made a priest of him—a man apart from other men. He kept himself unspotted from the world, not by avoidance of its interests, activities, and enjoyments, but by the simplicity of his nature and the purity of his heart, making good the saying of Emerson, "A man's task is his life-preserver." There was no charitable or social enterprise of the first importance that did not look to him for furtherance. Last Wednesday evening, when he was lying dead, there was a great meeting in New York to express the righteous indignation of the community at the persecution of the Jews in Russia. Eloquent speeches were made. His silence was more eloquent. How eloquent it will be in all the places that have echoed to his ringing words!

"The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem."

He had genius for his ministry, genius for public action, genius for organization, but most conspicuously he had genius for friendship and for love. But these are precincts where our thought must not be overbold. "You will better understand my loss," writes

Dr. Dewey, in a letter which I received from him a day or two ago, "when I tell you that for the last two or three years he has written me every week." Such thoughtfulness and tenderness were of the inmost essence of the man. I cannot bear to think of what his home will be without his radiant presence. But what a privilege to have enjoyed such love and friendship as he had to give !

The volume of his life is closed. Say not, too soon. Who knows but that, had it been lengthened out a few years more, there might have been some note of weariness, some sad abatement of his natural force of mind and will ? What Goethe said of Winckelmann is true of him henceforth : "He will have the advantage of figuring in the memory of posterity as one eternally able and strong, for the image in which one leaves the world is that in which one moves among the shadows." The volume of his life is closed : a volume of what various contents, and yet all poetry, all rhythmical, all singing like a brook upon its way from mountain heights to cool ravines and the wide valley's pleasantness ! Here is the pastoral sweetness of his country-days. I like to think of that as I remember it ; of how he sat there in the deepening twilight, he and his noble wife together, crooning the melodies of the rice-swamp and the cotton-field. " Swing low, sweet chariot !" So has it swung for him. Here is the stately epic of his leadership of the humaner sympathies and aspirations of the nation.

in the times that tried men's souls. Here is the elegiac grace of his regrets for vanished loveliness of mind and heart, his "In Memoriam" of many separate strains, his inextinguishable hope :

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

Here is the lyric rapture of his most intimate affections, "love, rest, and home." Let us be glad together that it has been permitted us to read in such a book so many words of prophecy and psalm, so many hymns of praise and aspiration, so many fresh beatitudes. We shall be better men and women all our days because of our communion with this eager, generous, and earnest soul.

On Thursday morning, as the swift train was bearing his unconscious dust upon its way to rest among his kindred in the church-yard of the little mountain village that he loved so well, I went forth after the last sad offices into the city's thronged and busy streets. The sun never shone more brightly. The city never seemed more gay. "Can one so great and good go forth," I said, "and be so little missed?" And then I thought, he would not have it otherwise than so. He would not cast a shadow on the brightest day. And, lo! the sunshine and the gayety, the sleigh-bells ringing merrily, the dancing plumes, the children's hap-

py laughter, seemed to me full of him, full of his brightness and his pleasantness, full of his life and cheer.

But though the sun shines on, and though hundreds and thousands in these mighty cities do not know how great a man has fallen, there are those who know what they have lost ; there are those who will not cease to miss him everywhere for months and years to come. What is the noblest service that we who are not of this inmost circle can render to these sorely stricken ones and to their dear companion, counsellor, and friend ? It is to carry on the war for Liberty and Truth and Righteousness in which he bore so brave a part, never more anxious to command his fellows than he was willing to obey the Leader of the Host. Nor shall we march and fight without his company. Gone, he is with us still : in the institutions he has founded and fostered, in the enthusiasm that he has inspired, in the conscience that he has aroused, in the love that he has quickened, in the character that he has fashioned with his moulding hands. He has but gone over to the majority, to the innumerable host of pure and shining spirits who living made all life succeeding theirs more grand and noble, and more free and glad, and dying left upon the mountain-tops of death a light which seems the promise of another dawn.